THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

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MY FATHER'S WORLD.

This is my Father's world.
O let me ne'er forget
That tho' the wrong seems oft' so strong,
God is the ruler yet.

This is my Father's world.
The battle is not done.
Jesus who died shall be satisfied,
And earth and Heaven be one.

This is my Father's world.
Should my heart be ever sad?
The Lord is King—let the heavens ring.
God reigns—let the earth be glad.

—MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

THE PACIFIC

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UNANSWERED YET?
Emma Schrader.

Unanswered yet! That prayer I've made so long?
I thought, O, Lord, thou would'st have granted me,
My one petition; surely 'twas not wrong,
When thou didst bid me ask, to bring to Thee
This one request? Here on my bended knee,
I pled for answer to the blessing sought,
For days and years I've sought it constantly
And still my prayer doth wing its flight, faith frought
And shall I then petition Thee and heaven for naught?

Unanswered yet! My prayer was for a gift
That I would gladly take and use for Thee;
I prayed to have my limitations lift,
That mine a life of usefulness might be
I thought, O, Lord, that thou would'st surely see,
That it was wise, and answer my request,
That gladly thou would'st grant the gift to me.
And would it not have been the wisest, best
That thou deniest still my wished for, strong, behest?

Unanswered yet? No, not unanswered, soul,
'Twas surely answered in thy God's best way.
The clouds, that, darkling, o'er thy pathway roll,
Are big with mercies that to you convey
A richer blessing than you ask each day.
And is the gift a small one, that your will
Is God's? That if He answers yea or nay,
The answer satisfies the spirit still?
More than you ask He gives, your life with joy to fill.

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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday July 6, 1905

THINGS SIGNIFICANT.

The Homiletic Review says that there are some strange and significant things to be observed in these days by those who have eyes to see—things "more significant than the noisy battles between Russia and Japan."

It would, in our opinion, be difficult to find anything more significant than the conflict between Russia and Japan. We believe that the hand of God is as plainly in that as it was in the irrepressible conflict in our own country from 1861 to 1865, which resulted in breaking the shackles of four million bondmen. There is no freedom in Russia. She was reaching out to oppress and enslave yet others, and now the result will inevitably be such freedom for her own people as perhaps could not have been brought about in any other way. This war has made it possible for Russia's down-trodden people to speak as they had never spoken before, and there are signs of such sweeping reforms as will ere long make life in Russia more worth living. God's hand is in it. He has seen the sufferings of the people, has heard their cry, and Japan is fighting for the common people of Russia who in the future will regard her as their liberator.

But the things to which the Homiletic Review refers are significant, highly significant, the comparison aside; and we quote as follows: "The cable informs us that Emperor William on last Easter Sunday entered the pulpit in the chapel built in his yacht, chose a text from the Bible and preached a sermon—one that is pronounced sound and good. Balfour, premier of all the British kingdom, now and again writes theological treatises, as did Gladstone; and our own strenuous President would scarcely wait for a second invitation to enter a pulpit and elucidate his principles of the simple, natural life, and of strenuous living, by help of scriptural texts, while the leading scientists of the day, as Richet of Paris, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes and Alfred Russel Wallace go spiritualward so far as even to express a readiness to believe in the actuality of spirit communication with earth." All of which leads the Review to say: "Surely the pendulum is swinging far backward from the materialism of 1870, when the ideas of Darwin and Huxley and Tyndal and Spencer and John Stuart Mill dominated scientific thinking. Jehovah still lives. If we will hush the noise of our much talking and take out of our ears a little of the cotton of carnality, we may still hear this voice of old, 'Be still and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen; I will be exalted in the earth.'"

No matter where the survey, the outlook is one of promise. This world is God's world, and continually is he transforming it, conforming it unto himself.

The turmoil to-day in the industrial world, the conflicts between labor and capital, all are harbingers of a better day.

The corruption in business, in politics, in municipal and state affairs—all these are but hastening the day of better things. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

The San Francisco Call stated a few days ago that we now have in this city the signs of a condition similar to that which existed a half century ago when the Vigilance Committee came into being: "Murder is done in the streets. Citizens are held up at their very doors by thugs. Highwaymen ply their trade in the plazas. Burglars sack homes. Vice flaunts its red sign, and the members of the government who should stop all this are so busy at official looting, grafting, blackmail and rakeoff that the city is as unprotected as a flock without a shepherd. The great public agencies of government, paid by the people as the instruments of law, order and safety, are diverted to instrumentalities of private gain, and the public safety is left to shift for itself." The Call declares that the people are surfeited with this kind of government, and that they intend to end it at the ballot box.

It is evident that all over our land and all around the world people are aroused against sin and iniquity as never before. God is in this sentiment and conscience, and a great uplift in practical morality is coming soon everywhere.

Greed and graft and oppression are having their day, and are disgusting and sickening mankind. The world is being taught that it needs God, and it will so learn its lesson that it will want God and will take him ere long as it has not heretofore.

"Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm.'

The Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus is to be one of the speakers at the Willamette Valley Chautauqua at Portland this year. The Rev. Dr. W. A. Quayle, another noted Chicago preacher, is also on the program. The Rev. Anna Shaw and Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman are announced also. One of the lectures by Dr. Gunsaulus will be on "The Modern Pulpit." The Assembly will be from July 11th to the 23d.

The Pacific Coast in Brief.

We shall wait awhile before saying much about the Co-operate Christian Federation which has filed articles of incorporation in Oregon, and which has announced intention of establishing several towns where work will be conducted on the co-operate plan. It is a good plan if it can be made to succeed. But such experiments have usually been a failure in the past. Human nature hasn't as yet been made divine enough to bring about their success.

Western Reserve University, at Cleveland, Ohio, has conferred the degree of L. H. D.,—doctor of letters—on the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis of Brooklyn, N. Y. Dr. Hillis left Brooklyn last week for a brief trip to the Pacific coast. He has been announced to speak at Winnipeg, Vancouver, Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland, giving at the last named place one of the Sunday sermons on the grounds of the Lewis and Clark Exposition. The latter part of August and early in September Dr. and Mrs. Hillis are to be the guests of Mr. Henry Phipps at Beaufort Castle, Scotland.

We saw in a Brooklyn paper the other day that the noted preacher, the Rev. Dr. Cadman of the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., was to spend the month of July lecturing in the West. We expected then to read next that he was to be in Seattle or Los Angeles, in one or both of these places, which seem to have been laying hands of late on not a few of the leading men of the church in this and other lands. But it seems that this is not to be. For once, then, a man is to start out on a preaching or lecturing tour and not bring up in Seattle or Los Angeles. This, truly, is remarkable.

The Temple Baptist Church of Los Angeles, of which the Rev. Robt. Burdette is pastor, though less than two years old, has a membership of 600. Mr. and Mrs. Burdette are now in England where they have gone on a vacation trip and to attend the Baptist World Congress which meets in London this month. The building in which Mr. Burdette has preached to congregations numbering something like two thousand for more than a year has been torn down, and an edifice will take its place, in which will be an auditorium capable of seating 5,000 persons. Being in the business part of the city it will contain storerooms and a large number of offices. It is hoped to have the new building ready for dedication by next January.

A member of a prominent Chinese mercantile firm on the Pacific coast says: "It is not only the immigration officers with whom we find fault. We want to be let alone elsewhere. Why can't we be treated like other foreigners? If we go to the depot or to a small town we are mistreated. Why is it? The Chinese are behaving themselves. They are not making trouble." It is high time that such treatment as has often heretofore been given the Chinese on this coast be stopped. Let the officers of the land everywhere see to it that they are no longer shamefully treated and abused. Up in Washington a few years ago they were frequently clubbed and stoned as they were returning from the homes in which they had worked during the day. Away with this race prejudice! The humblest Chinaman is far better than they who treat him thus.

The president of the Portland Chamber of Commerce expresses the opinion that a limited number of Chinese laborers admitted to this country each year would not work any injury to white labor. He is further of opinion that a measure so providing would if introduced into Congress receive the support of Pacific coast members of that body. Perhaps it would receive the support of some, but not of many. There are not a few persons who would agree with this gentleman as to the benefit to be derived from the admittance of a limited number of Chinese; but it cannot be said that this is the prevailing sentiment. Just now the general belief is that we are having such a flood of immigrants from Europe that the lines should be more sharply drawn. All that is asked now as to the Chinese is that the exempt classes be accorded fair and humane treatment. And that they are going to have no matter how much the demagogical and the faint-hearted may cry out against it.

Seattle has had a Japanese daily paper for some time, and now a Japanese bank is to be started. There are about 3,000 Japanese in Seattle, the majority of whom are said to be thrifty, hard-working people. The new bank will be opened on the 4th of July, at which time the Japanese united in celebrating the American holiday and our independence and their own victories over Russia. According to the Post-Intelligencer, the leading daily paper in Seattle, there is a good feeling between the Americans of that city and the Japanese. That paper says: "Our Japanese neighbors have done much to make Seattle what it is, and purpose to do much more toward making it the chief commercial city of the Pacific." The Post-Intelligencer claims for Seattle "the terminus of the leading line of Japanese steamships doing business between the United States and the Orient." Such is the situation at Seattle, while here in San Francisco some of the daily papers are doing all they can to drive away the Japanese trade. Verily, such action taken in connection with some other gives Seattle a pretty good chance of becoming the chief city on the Pacific coast.

A prominent Chinese merchant in Seattle says: "I have been back to China several times, and every time I have to go to a detention station and lie there until the immigration officers are ready to let me go. Suppose I go and come back. I am put in a room and all my clothes taken off. A physician looks me over and my clothes are boiled in water. Shoes and hat are no good any more. An Olympia Chinese merchant came back a short time ago with his wife. She was treated just like him by the doctors. She got very much frightened, and when they let her go to Olympia she got sick and died. She died just because they frightened her so much in the detention house." And then he added: "See Ah Jim, he's been at Sumas more than two weeks, and the immigration officers know he has the right certificate." We referred last week to the detention of Ah Jim. We are not informed as to his case except by what we have seen in Washington and Oregon papers. But we do not doubt that the death of the Chinese woman in Olympia was caused by the treatment she received in the detention shed. Several years ago, when the Chinese were driven out of Tacoma, one woman became insane. In its conduct toward the Chinese the Pacific coast has not a little to answer for to them and to God.

A communication in the San Francisco Call last

Friday from the Rev. A. F. McGarrah, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Big Oak Flat, shows the condition into which some of the California pioneers have come in their old age. Mr. McGarrah addresses his communication to the editor of the Call and says: "About a year ago I came from Pittsburg to California on account of my health. I found in the foothills of the Sierras, in the Mother Lode district, the climate and surroundings I needed. I am in the midst of the Bret Harte country. Hundreds of "49-ers" are living in little cabins scattered over these hills, and I have become very much interested in these brave, fearless pioneers. It is my aim to know them better, and to preserve some of their stories as incentives for future generations of Americans. But, in studying them, I have found out that not only do future generations need their help, but that many of them need help from the present generation. Under present conditions, some of these isolated heroes are suffering hunger and cold. I found one several days ago who has been sick for weeks, and but for the help of a fellow prospector, almost equally poor, I would have found his starved and lifeless body in the cabin. During the past winter several cases of death from neglect and exposure have come to my notice. I wish to appeal to you, and, through you, to the readers of your paper, for help. Cannot a fund be raised which might be used to supply the needs of these brave old pathfinders? Should not the State, which has profited so much by their struggles, at least make their dying days free from hunger and cold? I shall be glad to give you any information and assistance in my power. So far as I can learn I am not only the sole pastor, but the sole resident friend of many of these people in the southern half of Tuolumne and the northern half of Mariposa counties. I might add, in closing, that many of these lonely men suffer almost as much from book hunger and lack of reading matter, such as magazines and stories, and even scientific journals, as they do from bodily hunger. I shall be glad to distribute any magazines and periodicals which may be sent." Several weeks ago we quoted from an address by the Rev. Dr. J. K. McLean, president of the State Board of Charities and Corrections, in which he spoke of finding not a few of the pioneeers in the county houses. That is not the place for them. Certainly not for all of them without discrimination, for some are very worthy folk. It is to be hoped that such information as is being furnished will lead to a more deserved attention to these pioneers who, no matter how humble, helped to pave the way for what we have here today.

Busy World Notes.

The New York Sun calls Mr. Roosevelt the radium of American politics, saying that the enthusiasm of his followers is always at white heat.

One who has studied carefully the conditions in the West Indies says: The negro is becoming ambitious; he is beginning to become ambitious for his race. As soon as the race feels its strength it will use it for its own ends. It will demand political freedom."

No newspapers are printed in Norway on Sunday, nor is bread baked in the bakeries on that day. This has been the rule as to newspapers since 1892 and as to bread since 1895. Life has been just as endurable, if not more so, since this arrangement went into effect.

Paris and Rome connected by telephone! So do the ends of the world meet. They are ends not as to distance but as to ways of life. But, a recent writer predicts that the time is not far distant when Protestant and Roman Catholic churches will co-exist as pleasantly in Rome as they do now in Boston.

Some one has discovered and remarked that the queer thing about the people who boast of always speaking their minds is that they usually have a very disagreeable mind to speak. "Did you ever hear anyone preface a compliment, a commendation, or anything gracious or pleasant, by saying, 'I always speak my mind?'"

Napoleon's prediction that in fifty years Europe would be all Republican or all Cossack is about to be fulfilled except as to the time. It will be all Republican. There is no longer any Cossack peril; and Russia will have ere long a constitutional form of government. To-day in nearly all the countries of Europe the rule is practically in the hands of the people. Though monarchial in form, in essence the governments are Republican.

It is said that Tolstoi no longer reads the newspapers, but that friends who do read tell him the important news. Fortunate man! Did you who read this note ever go without reading the daily newspaper for a month and consider then how little you had missed that was of real value? It is worth trying, and especially so by anyone who spends considerable time over a daily paper. We do not advise anyone not to read the daily papers. It is not possible to keep well informed without them. But the average person gives time to the details therein that could be spent far more advantageously in other ways.

Ernest Howard Crosby, son of the late Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, is one of the advanced and prominent social propagandists. An eastern paper says of him: "Like his father, he knows no rich, no poor, no high, no low, no black or white, or red or yellow. He knows only men, all men, as the children of a common Father. He believes that they are intended to live together on earth in good will and peace." It is not likely that the present writer could accept Mr. Crosby's social propaganda, but in the words herein quoted is overshadowed what the world must come to some time. All are children of a common Father, and all must some time live together in harmony. The Sermon on the Mount was not given for nothing. It is not meaningless.

Among the baccalaureate utterances this year which are worth repeating is this from the address by Dr. John Bascom at the University of Wisconsin: "The road may still be a long one to the kingdom of heaven, but we know the road. The race question loses its perplexity and its irritation. The contentions between classes disappear. We see at once that the laboring class must have a new and more generous deal in the kingdom of heaven." We agree with Dr. Bascom in what he says as to what the laboring class must have, and that people generally see it as they never before have seen it. We do not believe, however, that the race question has lost its perplexity and irritation. Everywhere that is a perplexing and irritating problem. But the white races are getting some lessons of late that ought to make it less so.

Recently 500 unemployed men marched from Leicester to London, England, 200 miles, to personally petition the King concerning employment. They made the march although the King had sent word that he could not personally receive a deputation. The Sunday night the men were in London they attended a service at Westminster Abbey and the Dean of Westminster states that he was greatly impressed by their manly bearing. At a meeting in Trafalgar Square on the afternoon of that Sunday one man said that what was needed was that the millionaires of the country contribute a thousand pounds each for a fund for the solution of the problem of the unemployed, and he himself promised that sum. The problem of the unemployed! It is a hard, saddening problem. But the world must solve it, will solve it. The time will come when all who want work will be able to get it. Conditions are worse in England than they are in this country. But that problem exists here also, and even in our prosperous times it is not possible for all who want work to get it. An Oakland pastor said one time last year that he was of the opinion once that men who really wanted work could get it, but that he had changed his opinion after walking the streets for hours at different times trying to get employment for men needing it. The world owes a living to every man who wants to work, but like some people the world doesn't pay its debts. But the world will do better some day.

The Religious World.

The degree of LL. D. has been conferred on the Rev. Dr. Robert MacKenzie of Rutgers Presbyterian Church, New York City, by Wooster University, Ohio. They who know Dr. MacKenzie on the Pacific coast will regard this as an honor worthily bestowed.

It is said that "the lost amen" has been restored in Wales by the stirring revival during recent months in that country. For some time in Wales one of the best known songs had been the one in lamentation over "the lost amen." But now one is in use in which there is rejoicing over what is called "the return of the amen." An English paper says that at a recent service a peasant girl with closed eyes and with complete absorption in her theme declaimed this new song with wonderful effect, and that every Welsh heart was stirred and every Welsh face was wet with tears.

After his return to London the Rev. F. B. Meyer stated that while in this country he had been approached witth overtures to become pastor at Northfield, Massachusetts, with opportunity also for participating in evangelistic work throughout the country. He said that he felt that the work would be congenial and yet he was persuaded that his place yet was in London. Dr. Robertson Nicoll of the British Weekly, expressed great gratification at a recent reception to Mr. Meyer that he had returned to the work at Christ Church, London. While he would not disparage the work of an evangelist he was of the opinion that the service rendered by the pastor of a great central church in a great city was of chief importance.

It has not been possible heretofore to interest Mr. Carnegie to any great extent in missionary work. It is said that he has contributed quite liberally, however, to the medical missionary work carried on by Dr. Grenfell in Labrador. Now that he has turned his attention recently to the small colleges which though not sectarian are denominational, it is hoped that he may be inclined ere long to enlarge his gifts to missionary enterprises. Would that it were possible to turn the hearts of the men of wealth in this country to the foreign missionary field! This country can get along pretty well for a while with its educational institutions equipped as they now are. But the present is a very critical time in foreign missions; it is a very opportune time. The harvest is indeed great, but the laborers are few. Millions of dollars ought to be poured into the mission fields of the Orient at once. Those peoples are at a very formative period just now, and money would count as it could not possibly count several years hence. Of course there are some who will dissent from this, but the present writer regrets that a million dollars went from Mr. John D. Rockefeller last week to Yale University rather than to foreign missions. If Mr. Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller and other men of great wealth wish to do the very best they can with the fortunes which they have accumulated, let them pour immense sums at once into the foreign missionary work. Since the foregoing lines were written Mr. Rockefeller has given ten million dollars for general educational purposes. May God stir the hearts of people who have money to give, as to the interests of foreign missions in this day of opportunity!

The Bystander.

Some Observations on the Ministry.

Any minister who looks back over a pastorate of ten or twenty years will find a field for reflection yielding a hundred fold harvest of suggestion. He will learn how strong some ties grow, how uncertain and brittle are others, and how important it is that a man should live one day at a time.

The Bystander believes that one of the necessary things for a young minister to learn is the right use of his time. The waste of steam in a pastorate is enormous. The running hither and thither to conciliate some form of sensitiveness, the meeting with useless committees and the doing of a thousand other unnecessary things for other people—these are the things through which power escapes. He will be impressed too, with the fact that comparatively little time has been given to real hard study. It is a great thing to preach. It is a glorious spiritual exercise. And this is the main thing. The people do not know this. They think a preacher is like a spigot to be turned on twice on Sunday that the rare wine may run. Congregations do not see the need of work behind the sermon. So accustomed are they to the flow of thought that the apparatus which produces it is forgotten. The majority of ministers would be more effective if they concentrated instead of distributed their forces. One must not spend his personality extravagantly. When Dr. Hillis succeeded Dr. David Swing in Chicago, he "cut out" publicly tea drinking functions. How wise he was! His people did not like it until they discovered the fact that he was giving them something stronger than tea. The ministers who spend more time over the tea cup than their sermons usually get their reward. Pastoral visiting is absolutely required in a pastorate, but shoe leather must not be worn out lavishly.

The reminiscent pastor will discover that much of

his work is lost in the lives of the people—lost, but to sight only. A man's life cannot be measured by visible results. Where are last year's rains? Trace them in the yellow fields, in blooming roses, in all the kingdom of life. No man can tell how much good he is doing, or has done. Words are seeds thrown in the soil. They are birds winging their way to the uttermost parts of the earth. They are silent influences entering into lives "made better by their presence."

When to Resign.

The Bystander has often studied the conditions of other men's resignations. Resignation is a tonic to some ministers. They move just as people do from city to city. They like to decide to take up carpets, and take down the pictures and say good-bye. They delight in it. The fact that a new grocer comes around, and a new butcher takes orders, and there are new surroundings, is altogether interesting. Others stay. They take root. They would take root in an alley. They lay hold of things and people.

The saddest experience in the separation of pastor and people is found in those pastorates which "peter out."

Sometimes a pastor feels himself indispensable and holds on to a dying church. Sometimes he is requested to resign and resents the request and grows independent and persists in staying. Sometimes it becomes necessary to get rid of a pastor by harsh means, all of which is very distressing. A man should not continue to drive a horse until he is literally worn out. He should not wear his shoes until he is on "his uppers." Neither should he continue in a pastorate long after his usefulness is over. It is unfortunate if the church take the initiative in the matter of a resignation. Let the minister stop before such a time comes. Stop at high tide, not at low tide. Leave graciously. Continue your fraternal relations in this world and in the other. Go when you have done something rather than when you have failed to do something. It is far better to close in peace than to begin in peace. Don't be persuaded by a few good souls that your duty is to remain when it is clear that you should go. Treat this whole matter frankly, openly, positively, and, when you do resign, mean it, stand by it, have done with it, and don't grow sentimental. The resignation of a pastor is not less sacred than an installation. It is an ecclesiastical act of far-reaching consequences. Let it be done in a manly, honest manner, and don't think because you resign that the sun will cease to shine!

The Preacher's Critics.

Mr. Singer of the Sunday-school Society, read an interesting paper before the Congregational ministers last week on "Preachers and Preaching." One of the good things said had to do with the preacher's critics. Some of the members of the club confessed that their wives were their best critics, and that they made their criticisms without causing domestic trouble. John Wesley's wife was a critic of a different sort. Tradition says she was in the habit of making faces at him in the City Road Chapel, London. Ministers who have wives that nag them are to be pitied. Kindly criticism of the constructive sort is always wholesome. We all acquire mannerisms which are like dead branches and should be cut off. No class of men are more flattered than ministers. Hence many are inflated and made to believe they are more capable in the pulpit than they really are. The members of one's own household are often helpful critics. The Bystander was brought down a peg or two the other evening by his son who now and then volunteers an opinion. They had just left a hall where the Bystander thought he had made a fair speech. Said the young man: "Papa, I don't like to sit through one of your speeches as a rule, because you are very stupid and I get sleepy, but to-night you did pretty well. But you made one big mistake and I felt sorry for you. You said 'me' for 'us.' Don't you remember how red you got in the face?'" And the Bystander has been thinking about it ever since.

Mr. Singer possibly did not describe the minister who talks long after he is through, which suggests a story told of Chauncey Depew by himself: He was stumping the state of New York. In one town the managers had arranged to have a cannon near the stand of the speaker and to have it fired off every time the people gave vent to applause. Senator Depew kept the people hurrahing almost all the time. At last, stopping to take breath, he distinctly heard this inquiry come from across the field: "Cap, when is the old galoot going to quit? I've only got four cartridges left." The speech was finished in four minutes.

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF A MISSIONARY.

J. E. WALKER.

In one of our mission meetings when we were discussing the ever-recurring problem "How to divide 5 by 7 and have something left over," one of our number remarked: "It is easier to be generous when you have an abundance than it is to be honest when you haven't enough." No doubt there are many foreign missionaries who dislike to have the American Board accept the Rockefeller gift of $100,000 for educational work; but how much do we dislike it? Dr. D. W. Osgood, the pioneer medical missionary at Foochow, used to tell a story like this when he was exhorting the Chinese Christians to give toward the expense of converting their neighbors: "A man had met with an accident by the road, and a pitying crowd had gathered about him, when a stranger coming up threw down $5, saying, 'I pity this man five dollars; how much do you pity him?'"

What a grand thing it would be for the missionaries to say, "Cut our salaries, and our preachers' wages, and our school funds, and our medical work, but don't send us any of Rockefeller's money." But, but, but, the trouble is we do not get enough for any of these things, excepting our own salaries, and we have to draw on these for every spare cent in order to keep the general work going. I know of one missionary who received about $800 indemnity for losses in 1900, and after using $500 of this to make up for deficiencies in the appropriations from home, at the close of 1904 he found that every cent of his salary had also been used up. Yet his personal expenses were not three-quarters of his salary.

The Prudential Committee and the Secretaries of the Board know that they come far short of sending us all that we need for our great and growing work: but they tell us, "We send you all that we receive, and we continually urge the churches to give more. The blame is theirs, not ours." I wonder how many of the critics of the Board, if they were members of the Prudential Committee, facing day after day, month after month, year after year, the urgent appeals which the committee have to shave down or refuse outright, would do any otherwise than the Prudential Commit-

tee has done. Granting that the Board ought to have refused the gift, who is to blame for the needs, the terrible needs, which constrained the Prudential Committee to accept it. If these critics would stand up and say, "I reprobate that gift $50, or $100, or $1,000, or even $5," there would be a protest that would make the ears to tingle of everyone that heareth thereof, and some very urgent and long waiting needs would be richly supplied. The Standard Oil folks also would say, "See here; there is something doing; those folks mean business!"

Would you like to know my own personal feelings in this matter? I am not grieving over the fact that there is no prospect of any of the $100,000 coming to Shaowu. Yet in all cases of quarrels and disputes and recriminations which I have had to deal with, I have found that it will never, never do for a missionary to take any positive action in a case till he has given both sides a full and fair hearing; and so in the case of the Standard Oil Company, I would like to hear their side of the matter before I inflicted a stigma on any one of their number by refusing his help in a good and needy cause.

Shaowu, China, May 22, 1905.

AN EVENING WITH DR. CAMPBELL MORGAN IN LONDON.

By Herbert Booth in The Christian of London.

It is good that the preacher should "take heed to himself." It was my "rest" day. Continually talking to others, I was glad when the opportunity came for a renewal of intercourse with my trans-Atlantic friend, Dr. Campbell Morgan. Brotherly words in dark hours re-echo in the heart, and our fellowship together in New England was a guarantee of blessing by future association. Then it was Friday night—that is to say, "Bible Night" at Westminster Chapel. I wanted to see for myself. The fame of Campbell Morgan as a Bible teacher has overspread the world. "I just love," said a New York preacher to me one day, "to take a note-book and a pencil sharpened at both ends, settle myself in a good seat, and look and listen, as he dissects, divides, and expounds the Scriptures."

So the doctor received me in his own affectionate way, and we at once plunged into conversation.

The last time I had seen Campbell Morgan was in his cottage home on the forest-clad hills of "Northfield," where schools, and institutes, lecture-hall and tabernacle remain as memorials around the grave of that modern prophet of faith and labor—Dwight L. Moody.

"So you are here," I said. "How did it happen? What really induced you to leave that great sphere in America and settle in London?"

"It was a great opportunity. This splendid church, with all its memories, empty and going to ruin; the surging population around it; Westminster and its influence over the world; the joy of seeing one's labor crystallize in a tangible, graspable form, a fulcrum for the lever of our evangelism elsewhere; somewhere to hail from, a center around which to turn!"

Redeeming the Situation.

Of course, I understood it all. I knew also how a man like Campbell Morgan, with his high ideal of the Christian minister, would glory in the attempt to carry a forlorn hope. A tiny group of pleading souls crying from the emptiness of a great building, and the greatness of a vast opportunity, would find his ear quite open! But is was specially clear because of what his associate pastor, Mr. Albert Swift, had just told me in the other room. "The incident," he said, "that turned the scale was a remark of Mr. F. B. Meyer to Mr. Morgan. 'Morgan,' he said one day, 'you ought to attempt what no one else can do. No one else could so well, with God's help, redeem the situation at Westminster Chapel, since the position so exactly fits you: you are the man to fill it—go!'"

"And your expectations, Dr. Morgan—are they being realized?"

"Quite beyond what I had hoped; it is seven months since Mr. Swift and I arrived. Our congregations have been raised from a handful to one of the largest in London. Three hundred converts have been registered, and what to me is almost as important, a weekly Bible School, with an attendance of 1,500, has been established."

The Central Idea.

"Yes, I want to know about that—but what is your general idea for development? Do you propose to run along 'institutional' lines?"

"Our purpose is to make the Gospel and the spiritual life and the Word of God the heart and center of all, and organize around the developments springing from this source."

"Good," I replied. "Your social and institutional efforts will be fruits and not roots."

"Exactly," said the Doctor. "We want a church, like a fast-beating heart, ever in touch with God, and overflowing in deeds of mercy towards others. If we can keep the spiritual fire blazing, then let it warm whom it will and how it will."

An appeal for the renovation fund, which I found in the passage, seemed to confirm this policy of "first things first." Eight thousand pounds was asked for. The increase in the fund was indicated by a pictorial "thermometer," every "degree" of which stood for £100. The things to be done were set alongside the rising mercury. I was interested in the order of their estimated importance. First came the needs of the children—schoolrooms and other accommodations, then the leaking chapel roof. But decorations, the organ, the much-needed floor cloth—everything of comfort or elegance came last; even the caretaker's cottage came before the heating apparatus. The idea seemed to be "cold feet till the money is raised for more pressing needs, and above all no debt for fringe and tassels!"

The Bible and Its Power.

"But, this Bible School," I said; "tell me about it, Dr. Morgan. Is it novelty, or eloquence, or melody, or advertising that attracts these fifteen hundred scholars?"

"It is the pure Word of God" was the answer. "And it shows that the Bible has lost none of its power. Why, here are people coming from all parts of London, who are of all denominations. To illustrate the attractive power of the School: a few weeks back I had a letter from a young man, saying he represented a group of youths who always went together for their Easter holidays from Friday to Tuesday; but if the school was to be held Good Friday night, they would arrange not to leave town till Saturday!"

"Of course," I urged, "you know the danger of people studying the Bible as an intellectual pastime—a book of science or ethics—of even approving and ap-

plauding it, and yet failing utterly to practice its injunctions."

"Indeed I do, and I try to keep this before my scholars. The idea of the School is 'instruction for service.' Paul, to Timothy, emphasizes the true purposes of Bible teaching—'that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.' The transforming power of the Bible, faithfully taught with the Spirit's aid, is wonderful. In this School, the trend of whole lives has already been changed, and, alas for the Bible ignorance even of not a few professing Christians!"

Northfield in London.

"It seems to me you are drifting to a kind of Northfield in London," I said. "I trust we are," was the prompt reply. "It is a dream of my life to have such a center at Westminster, where lay workers of all sects may find residence and a thorough course of teaching for various kinds of service."

But time was up and I passed into the chapel. Although one of the largest religious auditoriums in London, it was new ground to me. As I surveyed its length and breadth of commodious pews, the sweep of its two immense galleries, the splendid—shall I say?—audacity of its proportions inviting the worship of three thousand souls, I said to myself: "This building is a monument. Such an edifice did not rear itself without the dauntless faith of a daring man. Where is he? Then the sweet, strong, pure voice of Samuel Martin seemed to ring along the rafters; the voice which had carried up in melody the aspirations of so great a multitude within these walls. How are the mighty passed to their reward!

But feet were shuffling all around me. People were pouring up the aisles and filling in the vacant spaces; young people, buoyant, bright; old people, staid, and in the years. Note-books are everywhere! Some are sharpening pencils, others ruling columns for the coming outline. At 7:45 on this Friday night Westminster Chapel, described by Charles Booth as the "great empty shell of a popular preacher," had become an intellectual workshop where sixteen hundred students were adjusting their brains to the Bible, and applying the Bible to their daily lives.

The very edifice seemed to respond to the occasion. Everything appeared to be talking. The rusty-throated organ chimed out, "The old glory is back; why don't you tune up?" The galleries responded, "The seats are full, why not get new cushions?" The aisles by their ragged carpets chirped in, "Hundreds of feet press over me, why not silence the din with a new floor-cloth?" The roof echoed, "The place is full, now keep out the rain!" while one might almost read, in the dusty characters on the dingy walls, "Three thousand eyes are looking; wash us quickly, and make us to be clean." But Campbell Morgan mounted the rostrum, and floor, gallery, and roof were forgotten.

The Night's Lesson.

The School began. Prayer, and a pointed injunction "not to drag the singing." Introduction showing us Paul shivering in the Roman dungeon, writing the Second Epistle to his beloved Timothy. Then the huge blackboard turned over, and the outline in artistic lettering of chalk ablaze under electric shadelights. Oh, how the pencils traveled! What straining to see, what eagerness to hear? The difficulty was to look, listen, and write at the same time. The writing collapsed, the note books closed, the signs on the blackboard grew hazy; we saw all the points in the preacher's body—the jerk of the head for firstly, the stroke of the hand for secondly, the index finger full stretch from the shoulder writing thirdly on the very tablet of the heart, and always a flash of the eye for a note of exclamation! Paul's conception of Christ and his minister: "Timothy! remember your responsibility for yourself—stir up the gift! follow after the graces!" "Timothy! remember your responsibility for the Church—fidelity for its present perils—courage for its future tempests—don't be a coward!" Timothy! forget not your responsibility for the Gospel. You hold it in trust; keep it in truth, even as I have!" Then, the graphic glimpse at the closing scense in the underprison; the appeal for the cloak and the parchments; the note of praise for deliverance from the lion's paw; the salutations from a loving heart; the yearning for fellowship by an overmastering affection. "Good-bye, Timothy—Timothy, my beloved, good-bye. Come quickly, or it will be too late!"

Surveying Holy Scripture.

But these incidental references were only like sparks flying from wheels rushing across leagues of truth. For the teaching is not local but continental. It was not the printed Bible of texts—paragraphs—verses, but the teaching of the books, each with its significance—its occasion—its purpose—its setting. Said Dr. Morgan to me, "It will take us three years to get through the story of the books." Surely this is a majestic survey of Scripture. The mountain peaks of the Bible, like the spectacle of the thronging Alps from the summit of the Rigi! It was a great night, and I for one could not help feeling that Campbell Morgan had sunk a new shaft into the golden treasury of the Scriptures almost under the towers of Westminster Abbey. Nor could I doubt that, with a continuance of such reliance upon the Spirit, and such fearless allegiance to the inspired Word, Westminster Chapel was destined to become an impregnable fortress of the everlasting Gospel of Jesus Christ.

NINETY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

Suggestions to Guests From Local Reception Committee.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will meet in Seattle, Washington, September 14th to 18th, 1905.

The Reception Committee wish to announce that free entertainment is offered to all Corporate Members, officers of the Board and of the Woman's Board, missionaries, theological students and to the pastor and one delegate from every Congregational church. This is done in recognition of the fact that the large expense involved for railroad fares in most instances would make the additional cost of entertainment well nigh prohibitive of a general attendance, and because the Seattle churches desire that the good results of the meeting may be widely disseminated, especially throughout the Pacific coast region.

The co-operation of all interested is asked in helping to carry out this plan. Attention is directed to the following details:

1. Entertainment will begin with the noon meal, Thursday, September 14th, and end with the noon meal of Monday, September 18th.

2. The wives of pastors living west of the Rocky mountains cannot be entertained unless they are del-

egates from their churches, as we cannot offer entertainment to three individuals from the same church. Any Corporate Member and wife, however, will be given entertainment in addition to the pastor and delegate from the church to which the Corporate Member may belong.

3. Entertainment cannot be given to any children.

4. All those desiring entertainment are requested to send their names at once (prefixing Rev., Mr. or Miss) to Everett Smith, Esq., Boston Block, Seattle, and word will be sent back of the place of entertainment.

5. Owing to the fact that the number to whom free entertainment is offered is large, the committee must know just how many guests they will have to provide for. Therefore they cannot undertake to entertain anyone of those entitled to entertainment unless the request for entertainment actually reaches Seattle on or before September 10th. They hope that no one will take offense if this rule is strictly adhered to, as in no other way can the committee's work be done. It is hoped, however, that all requests for entertainment may be in hand by September 1st, so that assignments may be returned.

6. If any desire to entertain themselves at hotels, if they also will write to Everett Smith, Esq., Boston Block, Seattle, he will give them any information desired or make any reservations.

EDWARD LINCOLN SMITH, Chairman.
L. J. COLEMAN,
W. H. LEWIS,
A. S. BURWELL,
J. A. MOORE,
EVERETT SMITH,
GEO. B. LITTLEFIELD,
General Reception Committee.

MAN'S SPHERE IN THE CHURCH.

Mrs. E. W. Luckey,

In a little sea-coast town of Massachusetts there is a Congregational Church of about thirty members. For a number of years this church carried upon its membership roll the name of only one man. He was a young man, and presumably a good young man, but he was in no wise fitted for leadership. And yet, all through those years of dearth, the church not only existed, but actually expanded. It was at all times duly officered, kept up its Sunday-school, organized and maintained a Christian Endeavor Society, and perhaps most remarkable of all, paid its bills promptly, and contracted no debts. This example would seem to prove that, however desirable and important a large male membership may be, it is still possible for a church to live and thrive even when the number of men within its gates is reduced to a minimum.

But the ideal church is one in which both men and women and even children unite their efforts to build up a spiritual temple unto the Lord, upon whose altars each one may place the gift which lies within his reach. We are to consider briefly man's sphere in the church. Our greatest lexicographer defines sphere as one's "circuit of action, knowledge or influence," and this triple definition suggests the three-fold nature of man's sphere in the church as it unfolds from its first inception to its latest development. A man to reach his highest possibilities in church life must continually grow in goodness, usefulness and influence. In other words, he must never for a moment lose sight of the three distinct yet interblended aims—character, duty and power. Let us assume for convenience that a young man has been led by the beauty and perfectness of the Christian ideal to make it his own. He at once seeks the church of his choice and his name is added to its roll of membership. So far he has done well, but let him beware lest he mistake this beginning of Christian duty for its ending.

"Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." Let him rather apply himself to the solution of those new problems which demand his attention. There is, first of all, the personal problem of character. What is he to be? What virtues should he cultivate? What tendencies suppress? Perhaps he has been inclined to think of goodness as a purely feminine quality. Let him analyze it.

What are the elements of goodness? Patience, purity, gentleness, humility—rather effeminate, he thinks, yet the Master exemplified each one of them in his own matchless character. But are these all? What about courage, candor, firmness, loyalty, self-denial? Are these more to his liking? He will need them all if he is to be a good man and a valuable church member. Perhaps he has almost unconsciously imbibed the idea that to some extent goodness is synonymous with weakness. Let him think for a moment of the good men in history.

John, the beloved disciple, was by nature so impetuous and intense that he was known in his young manhood as one of the Boanerges, or Sons of Thunder, while in later life he proved his intellectual supremacy by writing those books which have engaged all the powers of thinking men throughout the centuries. A recent critic has called them "the storm centers of modern controversy." Whatever our theories of inspiration may be, we feel certain that the "Revelation" was not written by a weak man. Probably the strongest character in the New Testamen, excepting only that of the Master himself, is that of the Apostle Paul — a man who combined strength and patience, boldness and humility, heroism and tenderness most marvelously, and who wins and holds our admiration as no other man of his time has ever done. Or, if our young friend prefers to seek his examples from among the men of today, let him remember Gladstone, in whom greatness and goodness were so inextricably blended that not even his enemies could effect their separation. Or McKinley, who added to the most remarkable statesmanship the humble virtues of the truly good man, and gave to the world a life resplendent in its dignity and power.

A little reflection along these lines will perhaps lead to a reversal of some carelessly formed opinions and bring out the fact that no man is even really great who is not also good. But how is goodness to be attained? For the sake of concrete examples, let us glance once more at these lives of which we have spoken—John lived close to the Savior, followed in his footsteps, listened to his words, leaned upon his bosom, and this divine contact wrought its inevitable results. Day by day he grew into the divine image and reflected the divine love.

Paul seems to have built up his wonderful character by obedience. He never saw the Lord in the flesh as John did, but there was given to him a vision, and he told King Agrippa in his direct, forcible way

that he "was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." In that fact lay the secret of his pre-eminence.

To every man God gives a vision of the possibilities of his life—to every young man come glimpses of the supreme ideal to which he may attain through obedience to the laws of God and the instincts of his own higher nature. Live close to Christ as John did, obey the divine promptings as Paul did, and the question of character will solve itself. But no man liveth to himself. The sphere of character enlarges and becomes the sphere of duty. Goodness merges itself into usefulness. The young man no longer inquires—What shall I be? but "What shall I do?" And this, I think, is the true testing-time of loyalty. Duty clothed in abstractions and presented from the pulpit or the pages of some well-written book may appear very attractive, even fascinating, but when she presents herself in her every-day garb in the early morning, the busy noontide, or the evening reserved for rest and pleasure, she seems to have lost many of her charms.

Allegiance may mean sacrifice,—it probably will. Questions of service are not always easily answered. Does church membership involve regular and constant attendance upon all the church services, including the mid-week of prayer-meeting? How can it be otherwise? How else can a man show to the world his firm adherence to the principles he has professed? He may pay his pew rent promptly; he may bid his wife God-speed as she sets off alone for the sanctuary; he may even go himself quite frequently; but unless he sets the seal of his presence to the profession he has made—not spasmodically, but habitually—he may charge himself with at least one serious failure. Look around the churches and see if the men who are most useful, most trusted, and most honored there are not the men who are in the pews whenever the pastor is in the pulpit.

And then there is the far-reaching question of financial responsibility. This may mean simply a personal obligation, or it may mean much more. In the first instance I think I am justified in saying that a man, in making up his estimate of expenses for the year, should not include church support among the incidentals. It should be given a definite place and be based upon the man's income and the claims upon that income. Why should a man who provides liberally and systematically for his own individual household ignore the needs of that household of faith with which he has allied himself? Or why should a man who promptly and cheerfully renders unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's need to be urged to render unto God the things that are God's—and even then do it grudgingly? But personal giving is not always the limit of a man's usefulness along these lines.

Phillips Brooks once said that a business-man should get something out of his business besides money. For one thing, he should get the ability to help others. All churches have their financial problems—many have difficulties—some have debts. To deal with these things wisely and well requires sagacity, efficiency and experience. Can a church member who possesses these qualities—who is a man of affairs, acquainted with the best business methods, trained to adjust difficulties, and fitted to cope with emergencies, doubt that he is called upon to consecrate these powers to his Father's business? Nor is any man's sphere of study in Church life ever perfectly rounded out until he has thrown the whole weight of his personality into the great struggle for civic righteousness. Christian citizenship means more today than it ever meant before. The time is past when the pulpit and the polls were thought to represent irreconciliable forces. If the church stands for anything in the world, it stands for right living, fair dealing, social purity, and commensurate honesty. And no man can properly support his church who does not also, so far as in him lies, support and strengthen the high standards which that Church is seeking to uphold.

A vote in the hands of a Christian man represents a power for good intrusted to him which he has no moral right to ignore or neglect. If he does, his sphere of usefulness will become sadly contracted. I have indicated a few of the ways in which duty appeals to the "men" of the church. To the individual "man" she comes in an infinite variety of guises. Sometimes her coming means the superintendency of a Sunday-school or the heading of a prayer-meeting. Sometimes it means giving up an evening each week to a boys' club or a men's resort in the mission district. Very often it means going out into the highways and by-ways of every-day life and intercourse and bidding other men to come in to their Fathers house,—inviting them to come as guests where later they may rejoice to enter as sons. Probably no two men are ever called upon to occupy just exactly the same sphere of usefulnes in the church, but to each one comes the same uncompromising command: "Go, work today in my vineyard!"

Never does the Lord of the vineyard bid a servant of his—"Go, sit down in my vineyard,"—nor does he even say—"Go, wait today in my vineyard! Tomorrow there may be work which you can do there—something which it will be easy and pleasant for you to do." God needs men in the Church,—and he needs them now,—strong, aggressive, earnest men who will make the Church what it ought to be—not merely a factor in the world's progress, but the great dynamic force which shall lift humanity out of sin into salvation and make life worth living to every child that is born in the divine image. If any man thinks that the burdens of church work belong exclusively to women and pastors—and that idea seems to be not altogether absolete—let him remember the words of our Savior—"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work;" and it was to "men" that he said, referring to a very menial service—"I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you." "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." And the man who does these things, who is weaving into the fabric of his life day by day the threads of goodness and usefulness is creating an influence which means power. Wherever character is being wrought out—where duty is shaping and molding the life—there power is being developed—that spiritual power which makes man a connecting link between God and his fellows, which enables him to reach up by the hand of faith and bring God down, while by the hand of love he reaches down and lifts men up. But the widening of influence and the growth of power do not always imply freedom from temptation.

I think it is Washington Gladden who says it is a mistake to seek to win men in order to build up the church. We ought rather to use the church to build up men—to help and save them. And the distinction is well made. When a man has learned to love

his church; when he has cultivated an interest and enthusiasm in everything that pertains to its well-being—then he needs to remember that no organization is greater than the purpose for which it stands—no church is greater than the salvation which it represents. He should use his influence to bring men of wealth and position into the church, not because the church needs the financial and social advantages which may accrue, but because the men themselves need the help of the church to live better and truer lives. The aggrandizement of his church may mean much to a man, but the needs of humanity should mean infinitely more. Negatively, he should not strive to increase the material prosperity of his church nor add to its revenues by means which, though strictly legitimate, cannot bear the strong searchlight of a well-developed Christian conscience. Added power brings added responsibility. It is the influential men of the church who are to a great extent the custodians of her reputation—the guardians of her honor. If they betray that trust, another out-post of the kingdom is surrendered to the enemy; another blot stains the record of our inheritance. A careless, inconsistent woman may blemish the fair fame of her church, but she can never wreck its influence as absolutely as an irresponsible, inconsiderate man can do. Christ taught his disciples the power of prayer—the power of faith—the power of love, and panoplied in these powers they went out and began the work of conquering the world for him. The disciples of today are carrying on the work of conquest which those men of Galilee began, and they are using the same means—prayer, faith and love.

When these three elements become so wrought into a man's nature that his spiritual life dominates and controls his physical and intellectual life, there will no longer be any need to discuss his sphere in the church or in the world, because then the man's sphere will be—himself.

Portland, Oregon.

UNION MISSIONARY RALLY IN OREGON.

The Union Missionary Rally of the Woman's Home Missionary Union and the Woman's Board of the Pacific of the Congregational churches of Oregon was held in the First Congregational Church in Portland, Friday, June 23. This annual rally is an occasion which brings together the women of the different Congregational churches for the purpose of getting into closer touch with the common interests and needs of the organizations. As it is not an occasion for the transaction of business time is given to details of the work only to arouse a feeling of greater activity before the books of the Societies close for the year. Still more than that the purpose is to inspire with the sense of the oneness of work and workers in all fields of missionary activity.

The devotional service at 10 o'clock was led by Mrs. A. J. Zimmerman; reports from the churches were read by the corresponding secretary of the Missionary Union, Miss Mercy S. Clarke. The King's Guild was reported by Miss Alice Hutchinson, and the Foreign Field by Mrs. George M . Parker. After a solo, "Little Black Sheep," by Mrs. E. L. House, the reports of the treasurers were given. Attention in the reports, both of the Union and the Foreign Board, was called to the fact that special effort must be made to bring all the tithes into the store house if the aims resolved upon at the annual meeting in September would be realized. The last paper of the morning session was by Mrs. Frederic Eggert, on the necessity of raising a contingency fund. Although the Rally can pass no laws, Mrs. Eggert presented a resolution, which she said should rather be called a "suggestion," that the matter be presented to the auxiliaries in such a way that they be prepared to discuss the question intelligently at the annual meetings. It was the expressed opinion of the delegates that some efficient way should be devised for meeting the current expenses of the Boards, and ten per cent additional to the contributions was recommended. After prayer by Prof. Henry L. Bates of Pacific University; the visitors were served by the Portland ladies with a daintily prepared luncheon. As one object of rally day is to meet the representatives of the different churches a social hour is always arranged on the program. During that time, however, the executive committees held short meetings to arrange for the interval when active work is to a certain extent suspended.

In the absence of Mrs. Kantner the devotional service of the afternoon was led by Miss Farnham of Pacific University. A short time was given to greetings from other organizations. Mrs. A. J. Munroe of Eureka, California, presented the greetings of the Woman's Board of the Pacific, and Mrs. De Riemer of Washington, D. C., junior secretary of the Philadelphia branch of the Woman's Board, responded in the interests of the work on the Atlantic coast. Mrs. Luckey, president of the Oregon Missionary Union, who has recently returned from a visit at the East, brought greetings from home and foreign boards. Mrs. Eggert reported in full the plan for the federation of the societies recently effected at Springfield, Mass. Under the somewhat cumbersome title, "The National Federation of Women's Congregational Home Missionary State Organizations" will co-operate, it is believed, with greater efficiency, for the advancement of home missionary work in connection withour denomination. Mrs. Luckey, the chairman of the session, explained that Oregon was especially honored in having in Mrs. Eggert one of the three general vice-presidents. Mrs. Howard N. Smith read a paper on "What may Young People do for Missions?" and Mrs. Herbert W. Boyd, who has recently come to the Pacific coast from Massachusetts, presented "Japanese Missions and the War," a topic which the peace negotiations now pending make most timely. In an inimitable manner Mrs. Munroe read "Thanksgivin' Ann," and Rev. Dora Read Barber, known to many of our eastern friends through Mr. Puddifoot's description as a "King's Trumpeter," closed the program with a discussion of the question, "Duty or Privilege—Which?" But to Mrs. Barber it is not a question; it is from the higher plane of privilege that the King's Trumpeter always works. The program was pleasantly varied by solos by Mrs. Reno Hutchinson and Mrs. Grimes.

The talk by Mrs. Eddings, formerly of Oberlin, on "Our Modern Martyrs," was with fine appreciation of the noble lives laid down in Turkey and China within recent years. She called attention to the Memorial Arch on the Oberlin campus and of its silent testimony to heroic men and women who counted their lives not dear.

It was the general impression that both in subjects for consideration and in the spiritual tone this Rally was in advance of previous meetings.

CHINESE EXCLUSION FROM A CHINESE STANDPOINT.

[There is published in San Francisco a Chinese daily paper called The Chinese Free Press. With but slight exception, it is printed in Chinese. The last issue contained an editorial in English which we reproduce here.—Editor.]

"The people of California are again aroused by the sand-lot slogan, and again "The Chinese must go." This time, however, the war-cry is sounded by the newspapers and the better class of demagogues of the stump and platform. The wilted laurels have been torn from the wrinkled brow of the sand-lot agitator, and now adorn the heads of editors who fancy they think, orators who chatter but do not think, and politicians whose pockets think for them. During the last week quite a stir has been created by the holding of public meetings and by the untrue statements and driveling arguments of the newspapers. The spasm is on, and for a while temperate and staid citizens—those whose minds are not warped by the greed of praise or money—must wait until the excited public judgment shall resume its normal. In the meantime, The Chinese Free Press will do what it may to rescue the truth from the deluge of falsehood and vituperation which now submerges it.

"There is nothing intricate or complicated in the position of the Chinese people upon the treaties or the Exclusion Law. They are of American construction, and the Chinese are willing to abide by and obey all the provisions thereof. They demand that the compliance shall be mutual, and that individual injustice shall not be inflicted upon them. They offer no objection to the strictest exclusion of that class of their countrymen which might conflict with the material interests of the like class in America—that is to say, the coolie or the laboring class—and the exclusion of these is fully provided for by the laws already in force. But the Chinese nation denies with some heat the practice of the United States to treat as thieves, forgers and perjurers, and to proclaim to the world that they are such, that class of Chinese citizens whose interests are personally mutual with the same class of people in America, and who have been decreed to be entitled to free intercourse with Americans by laws made by the people of this country themselves. By these laws certain of the Chinese are declared exempt from the harrassing examinations imposed upon the coolie class on coming to this country, but in practice the law is ignored, and these ostensibly exempt visitors suffer indignities from which even the coolie escapes. Why? It is unreasonable to suppose that crooked inspectors and bribe-taking under officials consider them fatter pickings than the coolies, and that personal ill-treatment is the quickest and surest method to extort from them the coveted coin? This is not a violent supposition, and instances may be cited in attestation. One statement is frequently made and urged as a reason for refusing to the merchants, students and travelers their rights under the law and the amenities common to civilized life. The rabid orators and more insincere editors predict that if the exempt class is admitted to this country and treated as if they were human beings, the coolie class would take advantage of such a condition and flock hither in hordes, armed with fraudulent certificates of their standing as merchants, students, etc. It may be conceded that fraudulent certificates—few in number, however—have been used by dishonest Chinamen to gain entrance to this land. But, it may be inquired, how do they become possessed of these forged papers? These documents are printed in the English language, which to the coolie is as unintelligible as are the inscriptions on their own tea boxes to the native of California; they are stamped and marked and have imitations of the consular vise; their entire appearance betokens their production by English-speaking people. When such imposing-looking forged documents are presented to the innocent and credulous coolie, accompanied by the usual exaggerated stories of the fairy-land to which they are told these papers will take them, the victim is easily entrapped, and the wily and rapacious American "makes good" to the amount of the deluded coolie's little store of cash. It is, indubitably, the greedy American who is the inspirer and promoter of these rascalities, and the Ciprico case and the later forgeries committed under the roof of the Custom-house here indicate their origin and that even Customs officials are not without sin. If it could be admitted, which it is not, that fraudulent certificates are used by the ignorant coolies in any great numbers, it would be merely a reflection upon this Government that it cannot discover or will not punish its own criminals. It is submitted that the merchants, teachers, students and travelers shall not be punished for the crimes of others, and that when they come to this country for business, improvement or pleasure, they shall be treated with the civility and courtesy which are shown to Americans in China and which are their right under American law. That is all that China asks. President Roosevelt's views are right; his policy is his own affair."

The Rev. Drs. Gunsaulus and Quayle of Chicago are on the list of speakers at the Pacific Grove Chautauqua this year. Dr. Quayle is a new man to the coast. He has been in Chicago less than a year, but has already acquired great popularity as a preacher.

On account of the holiday we send The Pacific to press this week on Monday afternoon instead of on Wednesday as usual. The papers were not mailed, however, much or any earlier than at other times. Items of church news coming in late will appear next week.

A writer in the July number of St. Nicholas tells how the swallows drink as they skim over the surface of the water in lakes and ponds: "We have seen how here and there the water ripples on a pond when swallows are gracefully skimming to and fro. One day I sat down beside a small pond where, every evening, many barn swallows came to bathe and drink on the surface of the glassy water. With sketchbook and pencil in hand, I closely watched the birds; and you may imagine my delight to see just how they managed to touch and dip up the water as they came within a few steps of me. You see, the swallow takes up water in its lower bill, just as you would dip up a little water in a spoon or in the hollow of your hand while you glided over the surface in a boat. Only the under half of the open bill touches the water; if the upper half were also to touch, the water would be forced out on either side instead of being scooped up into the bill."

A NEW PARSONAGE AT COTTONWOOD.

We quote as follows from the Cottonwood Enterprise of June 17th: "The Rev. Mr. Goodsell and family moved into the new parsonage last Friday. Eighteen years ago a parsonage was built upon the site of the present constructed building. But owing to a lack of system and judgment in financial matters, it was gobbled up by virtue of a lien and moved away.

"Parson Goodsell, while meditating upon the Divine blessing that flows toward the just and unjust, wandered out to the spot of the former building about six months ago. While imbued with a spirit of God's wonderful loving kindness to man, he wondered within himself if it were possible to resurrect the long ago departed building. He inadvertently ran his hand into his pocket. It came in contact with an empty purse. Not a cent there. His mind naturally drifted toward the treasury. Empty as a dead church. But the parson decided right there and then to have a parsonage. He knew he was right. He knew it would not only benefit the town, but more so the church. He knew it would benefit himself and all the preachers that would come after he was gone. Consequently he started out with a clear conscience, void of offense toward God or man, to raise the money for the contemplated parsonage. He was pre-eminently successful. The people poured out their treasure without question, and the parson salted it down for future use.

"The building is nearing completion; a few more touches and it is done. All paid for, and everyone rejoices with the parson on the successful termination of an undertaking given up by every preacher since the inglorious defeat over eighteen years ago.

"The building is an ornament to any town. Substantially built and favorably located. The parson doing as much work on it as anybody, which proves that he is capable for all needful performances as well as cornering the devil, and smiting him hip and thigh. He feels very grateful toward those who contributed toward the building of the parsonage in any manner or capacity."

The Pacific congratulates Mr. Goodsell and the church at Cottonwood on this achievement and rejoices with them. This is one of the things for which every pastor who comes after him at Cottonwood will be grateful to Mr. Goodsell.

OREGON LETTER.

BY GEORGE H. HIMES.

The thirty-third annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association took place on the 15th of June, the fifty-ninth anniversary of the final settlement of the "Oregon Question," which had been a bone of contention for twenty-eight years between Great Britain and the United States. There were fully one hundred persons present who were in Oregon before the treaty of 1846 was signed, among them Mr. Francois Xavier Matthieu, now well along in his eighty-eighth year, who came to Oregon in 1842. Mr. Matthieu participated in the Canadian rebellion in 1837, and had to leave his native land to save his life. He crossed to Buffalo, and thence to St. Louis. In 1839 he became an employe (clerk) of the American Fur Company, remaining for three years. He then came to Oregon as above stated. He is the sole survivor of the one hundred and two persons who were present and took part in the famous meeting at Champoeg, now in Marion county, Oregon, on May 2, 1843, when the first civil government in the American possessions on the Pacific coast was born. He was one of the last two who favored the American idea, and after the organization was effected, was chosen one of the constables of the infant government. One of the first official duties he had to perform was the arrest of a trapper for distilling a vile kind of whisky from the Hudson's Bay Co.'s black jack molasses. The culprit was punished by imprisonment for a certain time, and when released was informed that if he "repeated the offense he would be hung." Mr. Matthieu was a strict constructionist, and believed in a rigid enforcement of law. It is needless to say that he had no occasion to arrest the party in question the second time.

The total number of pioneers present was sixteen hundred, and the average age of the entire number was a little over sixty-five years. According to the constitution of the Pioneer Association no one is eligible to recognition as a pioneer who came into the state later than 1859, the year Oregon was admitted to the Union. Numerous instances occurred where acquaintanceship was renewed by individuals who had not seen each other for periods varying from ten to fifty years, and some of the experiences thus enjoyed bordered upon the marvelous. An important feature of the reunion is the annual reunion banquet spread by the Pioneer Woman's Auxiliary of Portland, at which time more than one thousand of the "squaw-crowned heads" of Oregon are seated at one time. A stranger in the city, a great traveler, who had been present at social functions in all parts of the earth said to me that "this was the most impressive gathering he ever saw.

The purpose of the writer, the secretary and executive officer of the Pioneer Association in connection with the reunion this year was to emphasize the threefold idea upon which the growth of American influence upon the Pacific coast rests, viz.: (1) Discovery, May 11, 1792, by Capt. Robert Gray, Boston; (2) Exploration, 1805, by Captains Lewis and Clark, Virginia; (3) Occupation, 1811-1859, by the Oregon pioneer from every state in the Union and from every civilized country on the globe.

As a fitting recognition of the services of the Pioneers in "occupying" the country, and thus making the present conditions in Oregon possible, the management of the Lewis and Clark Exposition admitted all members of the Association to the grounds on Friday following the reunion free of charge. More than fourteen thus entered the gates and enjoyed the day to the fullest extent, after listening to a brief address of welcome by President Goode of the Exposition.

On Wednesday, 21st inst., occurred the forty-third annual commencement exercises of Pacific University. The preliminary exercises began on Friday before, with a recital by students of the Conservatory of Music. This was highly successful and indicated that most careful and effective instruction had been given by teachers, and they had inspired students to do their utmost in acquiring musical training. This spirit characterized every department of effort, and hence, as a result, this may be fitly characterized as in all respects the most successful Commencement week in the history of the Institution. Nine young people passed through the Academy, receiving the credentials which enables them to enter the college, and eight were graduated from the college; six young gentlemen and two young ladies—an exceptionally strong class,

which is certain to honor its alma mater in due time.

At the annual meeting of the trustees Mr. B. S. Huntington, The Dalles, was elected a trustee to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Benton Killin. Harvey W. Scott, the first graduate, forty-two years ago, and forty years editor of the Oregonian, was elected president, to fill the place occupied by Hon. Alanson Hinman for nearly fifty years, advancing age making it impossible for him to longer continue in active service. The degree of LL. D. was conferred upon Hon. George H. Williams, mayor of Portland, and upon Governor George E. Chamberlain. The latter was present to receive his degree, and in accepting it made a most appreciative address.

On Thursday morning last it was the privilege of the writer to meet at the S. P. R. R. Hon. W. R. Shannon and wife, of Fowler, Cal., the youngest son of George Shannon, one of Lewis and Clark's men who came to Oregon in 1805. Judge Shannon is now eighty years old, but in splendid physical and mental health, and a very interesting character. He first came to California in 1849, and engaged in mining on the Sacramento. In 1853 he removed to Texas. During the Civil war he espoused the side of the South, was colonel of a regiment, saw much active service and was wounded three times. In 1887 he returned to California, and has been a resident of Fresno county ever since. He is now visiting Oregon for the first time, and the courtesies of the Exposition have been extended to him.

Portland, June 25, 1905.

Christian Endeavor Service.

REV. HERBERT N. BEVIER.

July 16.

Topics: The Message of the Flowers.—Matt vi: 28-34: James i: 9-11.

Ever since our first parents tended theirs in the garden of God's first planting, flowers have been the symbols of truth and of love—to men. Their associations are not only pleasing, but hallowed. They are sweet messengers of beautiful thoughts, of tender and comforting affections, and they reflect the wisdom and love of God. Christ loved the flowers; they embellished the fields and bordered the paths of his wayside ministries, ever, and were never-failing sources of insight into truth for his creative mind. Their faces of silent beauty were perpetually suggestive to his unique imagination and their images recur throughout his teachings.

Literature abounds in witness to the good that has come through the ministry of flowers: Mungo Park was traveling in the desert, wearied and thirsty, and as he thought, to lie there and die, he caught sight of a little flower springing up in the sand by his side, and he thought—if God cares for the flowers in the wilderness he will care for me.

The story of Picciola and his prison flower is well known. When despairing in his dungeon, the flower came up through a niche in the floor, teaching him many a useful lesson and saving him from utter loss of hope.

When Christian went into the house of the interpreter and was led into his room, he was shown all the beautiful symbols therein contained; he was bidden "Consider the lillies of the field, how they grow." It was a clod once, now it hath come forth out of the black earth; God hath fashioned it, and as thou lookest on it, remember that all thy beauty is God-given. What a clod he finds thee and how beautiful he makes thee. Consider the lily; it was not always so; it drinketh up continually out of the cup into which the matter is poured, and so if thou wilt continually receive the water which God will give thee, thou wilt grow in beauty and in purity. Consider the lily how it grows; see from what it springs and to what beauty it attains, and for what use it blooms, and as thou considerest it, learn the lesson." It is good for us all to go among the flowers and then to the interpreter's house.

Ruskin tells us how the flowers are "the cottager's treasure, and in the crowded town they mark as with a little broken fragment of a rainbow the windows of workers in whose hearts rest the covenant of peace, while with passionate and religious minds they are contemplated with fond and feverish intensity."

One tells us that "he sees more of God in a flower than in all the beautiful edifices of the world."

"Flower in the crannied wall, I pluck thee out of the cranny,
I hold thee in my hand little flower, root and all, and all in all;
If I could know thee, little flower, what thou art, root and
All, and all in all, I would know what God and man is."

Flowers are omnipresent on the face of the earth as God's love. They are not only in the green meadows and mossy dells, but in the arid deserts and on the bleak mountains, and there seems no place so deserted as not to be the home of some flower. If stars are "the forget-me-nots of the angels," it is equally true that flowers are the bright illuminants of many a night that otherwise would be starless and sunless.

This brings us to the application. Flower committees of societies of Christian Endeavor are star sprinklers, brightening nights of sorrow, sickness and loneliness with radiant light.

If the comfort and peacefulness, the calm and joy the world owes to the ministry of flowers could be condensed into some alabaster cruse, its value would be beyond price. Count it not labor irksome that is expended in gathering and carrying flowers to sick-beds, to the wards of hospitials, and into the homes of the poor and sad. Count it rather joy and an inestimable privilege. The gold of Ophir cannot measure the intrinsic richness of the smile that played upon the face of that saintly shut-in last Sunday, nor the value of that glint of pleasure that brightened the eye of yon hospital child. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

I have in mind the tall, erect form of one of God's noble men, now gone to glory to join his beloved in the heavenly throng, who, strong in mind and brave of heart, counted it his greatest joy to carry a bunch of sweet roses to a prison tortured soul. "Verily, I say unto you he shall not lose his reward."

Flowers breathe comfort, they instill joy, they minister peace. They have a language that extracts

the sting out of pain. Their message is one of calm and rest.

"They speak of love and constancy.
I am not constant as yon constant rocks
That have their bases under ocean's floor,
Which knows no stroke, receive no score,
Though ships make thither, waves deal shocks on shocks,
I am but constant as the oak, now bare and dry,
That soon the vernal season will restore,
And its gray arms with fluttering honors fill,
Or as the violet that seems to die,
Yet can its azure angel lift it still,
To meet the coming springtime as before."

Yea, what sentiment do they not breathe, what truth do they not suggest? Their robes are as many-hued as the painted sky at morning and at evening. They speak the white words of purity, the blue of truth, the red of love, and every combination possible to all. They perfume the world. They are beloved of all. What sweeter appellation of the Savior and Lord could be chosen; what more suggestive of truth than to say "He is the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley.

Sharon's sweet roses
Bring to us word
Of one more lovely,—
Jesus, our Lord.
Fairer than roses,
Or lilies rare,
He is the fairest
Of all the fair.

CURRENT EVENT AND COMMENT.

Timely Topics from Various Sources.

During the last twelve years the New York City health department has destroyed six million pounds of adulterated foods.

If all the freight carried by the railroads last year had been loaded at once it would have required a train 328,000 miles long. This freight would encircle the world no less than thirteen times.

It takes 300,000 acres of woodland to furnish the railroads with ties every year. The territory laid waste every four years to furnish these ties would make a state as large as Delaware. The locomotives in this country consumes $250,000,000 worth of coal in one year.

A Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Sun writes: A small boy, five years old, coming out of a church where he had listened for half an hour to a Western Bishop's missionary sermon, said: "Mother, what is a gambling hell? Won't you buy me one?"

There are 1,500,000 persons employed by the railroads. Supposing that each employe supports an average of four other persons, it would appear that one person in every fourteen in the United States is supported by railroads. The employes would make a greater army than engaged on both sides of the civil war.

In St. Nicholas for July Joseph H. Adams tells "The Practical Boy" how to build tree-huts and lean-to's. Edwin W. Foster's pleasantly instructive talks on "Our Friends the Trees" are illustrated this month with four full page drawings, helping to fix acquaintance with the wild cherry, quince, peach, plum, cherry, apple, crab-apple, pear, chestnut, and other tree neighbors. Dr. Emma E. Walker continues her valuable "First Aid to the Injured" papers with instructions how to proceed in case of a drowning accident.

In his article on the Associated Press in the July Century Mr. Melville E. Stone says: Seven hundred newspapers, representing every conceivable view of every public question, sit in judgment upon the Associated Press dispatches. A representative of each of these papers has a vote in the election of the management. Every editor is jealously watching every line of the report. It must be obvious that any serious departure from an honest and impartial service would arouse a storm of indignation which would overwhelm any administration.

The vegetable sponges that are commonly sold in drug stores and used in the bathroom are produced by a vine like a cucumber which anyone may grow in his garden, says The Garden Magazine. In tropical countries these vegetable sponges are often used for dish-rags (being particularly useful for scouring pans and kettles), and it has been suggested that housewives in the North should "grow their own dishrags," since a clean sponge could be used for each dishwashing performance and then thrown away, thus relegating to history the rubbing out of greasy cloth.

At the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the secretary gave a most interesting account of the society's gigantic work during the past year. Nearly 6,000,000 copies of the Scriptures were issued, showing an increase of 160,000 over the previous year. The total issue since the inception of the society has reached the colossal figures of 192,000,000. The list now includes the complete Bible in 100 languages, the New Testament in 94, and at least one book of Scripture in 198 more. Some 350,000 copies of the Russian and Japanese Scriptures have been distributed among the beliggerents in the Far East.

Woman's work for woman occupies a large space in the July number of The Missionary Review of the World. Miss Clementina Butler describes the modern methods and achievements of Women's Missionary Societies; Mrs. Horace G. Underwood tells of the trying conditions of life in Korea and the work of women for women in that land; Mrs. Joseph Cook portrays the character and career of the renowned traveler Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, and Dr. Herbert Anderson pictures almost too vividly the distressing prevalence of the "Social Evil in India." He shows the causes based in Hindu religions, the effect on the people, and what is being done to counteract these degrading habits.

In the July issue The Century continues its policy of presenting reports, by experts in their different lines, of the progressive work and investigation of the world, with the first of two papers on "The Electric Railway" by Frank J. Sprague, former president of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. Mr. Sprague's struggle through the hardships and discouragements of early experiments, and his present pre-eminence in the field of electric traction, give these articles unusual value. The number of readers inter-

ested in such first-hand history is hardly to be estimated, for the development of the trolley and other forms of electric traction is recognized as one of the most interesting and significant phenomena of our times.

More British emigrants go to Canada than to any other country, according to the latest government figures. The year 1904 showed an increase in the total passenger movement both outward and inward. Last year the outward number of persons who went to countries out of Europe numbered 453,877, compared with 449,000 in 1903. Immigration into the United Kingdom reached the figure of 241,896 last year, compared with 199,685 in the previous year. Of the emigrants who sailed from the United Kingdom for countries outside Europe, 271,435 were native born, of whom 65 per cent were English, 14 per cent Scotch and 21 per cent Irish. Forty-four per cent of these emigrants went to places within the British Empire. British North America took 26 per cent, British South Africa 10 per cent, Australia and New Zealand 5 per cent, and British India and Ceylon 2 per cent. Thirty per cent of them were laborers, 20 per cent were skilled artisans, 15 per cent were workers on the land and 10 per cent belonged to commerce and the professions. Only 26,818 went to South Africa, against 50,206 in 1903, but 69,681 went to British North America, against 59,652 in 1903.

The Toronto Globe takes occasion to get a good temperance lecture out of the struggle between Japan and Russia in part as follows: The result of the battle is, in reality, the triumph of sober Japan over whisky soaked Russia. It is the greatest temperance lecture ever delivered to the world, to nations and to individuals as well. What was proved on the wreck strewn Straits of Corea had already been proved in the destruction of the Port Arthur squadron, in the running fight with the Vladivostok cruisers, in the reduction of an almost impregnable fortress, and in the land operations in Manchuria. It was in each case Japan against Russia, but it was more. It was temperance against debauchery. Japan's achievements on land and sea were not directed by men who had spent their days and nights in idleness and dissipation. They were the product of lives of strong, steadfast, sober endeavor, the very opposite of what their enemy had been. The lesson of the war is not for Russia alone. It is for every nation and for every individual who seeks stability and advancement. Great Britain's greatest danger to-day is the intemperance of the people. Intemperance and progress do not go together. They are, as Sir Frederick Treves said the other day, hopelessly antagonistic. This eminent authority made the statement that alcoholic drink, even in small quantities, absorbs human energy and minimizes the effort of the individual. Russia has learned this truth, but at a terrible cost. Let Great Britain profit from that lesson before it is too late.

The National Citizens' Industrial Alliance through its new president thus states what it stands for: "We are for no closed shops; no restriction as to the use of tools, machinery or material except such as are unsafe; no limitation of output; no restriction as to the number of apprentices and helpers when of proper age; no boycott; no sympathetic strike; no sacrifice of independent workmen to the labor union; no compulsory use of the union label." The New York Sun comments thus: "It is certainly not an unreasonable platform. It contains no demand for the subordination of the interests of the employe to those of the employer. It makes no desire to reduce the wage-worker to a state of dependency, or prevent him from rising, by his industry, his skill, or his genius, to posts of commanding authority. It contemplates no attack upon his freedom to organize in societies for his protection and the betterment of his conditions. In a word, the Alliance will stand for freedom of action under the laws of the state and nation. In so far as the trades unions that regard it as an enemy stand for liberty, regulated by law, they can have no conflict with it. Only when they seek to exercise authority over what is not theirs, and proclaim their intention to regulate the actions of men not in sympathy with their objects, will they come into collision with it. When this happens, the Alliance will find itself the accredited agent of every patriotic American for the maintenance of his rights. In such a contest it is not difficult to forsee with which side the victory will finally rest."

Some of the customs and peculiarities of the Russian Church are set forth in the following: Confession is enjoined in the Russian Church, but it is not performed as satisfaction offered to God. No candidate for Holy Orders will be ordained until he is married. This, of course, refers to the secular clergy. The Monastic Orders must be celibates. A widower priest may remarry, but he must first renounce his orders. A curious inconsistency is that no priest as long as his wife is alive can attain to a bishopric, because all bishops must be unmarried. In the Eucharist the priest receives the bread and wine separately, whereas the laity receive both elements mixed together, from a spoon, standing. The sacrament is also administered to infants, but they receive the wine only, lest they might reject the bread. Baptism is a most elaborate ceremony and takes forty days before it is complete. It includes triple immersion, the chrism, and tonsure of the infant's hair in the shape of a cross. The sacrament of unction differs from the similar sacrament in the Roman Church, being, as it is, administered even to those who are slightly unwell, whereas the Church of Rome only gives it in "articulo mortis," or when there is no chance of recovery. The services in the Russian Church are most elaborate. This is evident from the fact that the ritual and services occupy twenty folio volumes. Service is performed at least three times daily, and the greatest part of the service varies every day in the year, and every part of every day, except in the communion office. The Russian clergy have no social standing; a better class Russian would not eat at table with his parish priest. Sermons are rarely preached in the Russian churches. There are books of homilies from which the clergy may read, but these homilies are so very lengthy, ornate and elaborate that the people refuse to listen to them. As a rule, the clergy are too ignorant to compose their own sermons, and even if they do compose them they must first be sent to the consistory for approval, because the Government are determined to stamp out heresy. The consistory are in no hurry to return the sermons, and often several weeks or more may pass before they do so, consequently the clergy, as a rule, leave preaching severely alone. The Russian priests never pay parochial visits except to beg; the result is that they have never gained the confidence or good will of the laity.

Sunday-School Lesson

PLEASANT FIELDS OF HOLY WRIT.

Save for my daily range
Among the pleasant field of Holy Writ
I might despair. —Tennyson.

Third Quarter. Lesson III.

Isaiah lii, 13-liii, 12.

July 16, 1905.

The Suffering Savior.

The annonymous manner in which the subject of this poem is introduced is one of the surprises of literature. The skill of it challenges admiration. The hero lives and moves, but is nameless. His career of paradoxes, with its alternations of shame and honor, grief and joy, is depicted to its very close, where the so-called malefactor has a king's grave; but his name is not once announced.

Another striking characteristic of the poem is, that it is written in praise of an idea superlatively repugnant to the Oriental mind. The East can never divorce suffering from shame. To it affliction is always penal. Woe is disgraceful. It seems absurd to suggest any possible advantage as accruing to it. Yet the first stanza flatly controverts this current sentiment, and affirms the honor and usefulness of suffering.

The portraiture of the Sufferer follows. It is done with minute and persistent fidelity. One dark stroke after another is laid on. The visage is so marred that it is fairly dehumanized. He is no tall and stately palm, but a thin and frail plant; or worse, a root lying on the parched earth. No form! no comeliness; No regal state or retinue which would command respect. Man of Sorrows; not casually acquainted, but on intimate terms with suffering. He is the personification of grief. Sorrows and afflictions are concreted in him. Under pretense of legal form he is cut off without natural descendant and in prime of life. They attempted to make a grave for him with executed criminals.

Literature does not contain another such likeness of the sufferer. But the delineation of the human attitude toward the sufferer is equally faithful. Is it to be wondered that a character which so contravened all current notions of greatness, and even goodness, should have been despised and rejected; that the face should be averted from such an one—and that the consensus should be that he was smitten of God for a cause.

At this point the prophet enters a strong disclaimer to the current and habitual judgment of the East, "This sufferer was not stricken for his own sins." An idea, new in Oriental thought, is now evolved; namely, the vicarious nature of suffering. "No, He was pierced for our transgressions; He was crushed to death for our iniquities. We get our peace with God by his chastening, and our wounds are healed by his scourging." He was ill-treated and scoffed while he bowed himself in voluntary pain. He came to suffer, and so will remain dumb before his unjust judges and foresworn accusers.

The triumph of suffering is the last touch upon this marvelous picture. All the thinking of the East is to be turned back in its course. Suffering is not defeat, but the contrary. It is the way to glory. He who treads it shall divide a portion with the great. Weakness shall divide the spoil with the strong.

The Teacher's Lantern.

The life of the supreme sufferer gave the lie to current philosophy, which affirmed the disgrace and inutility of suffering.

The face of Jesus shines through the veil of the prophet's language, though he does not once mention his name or indicate his rank.

The prophet's analysis is the most superb psychological analysis in literature. First he pictures the bewilderment of the people at the servants' suffering. He gives their hasty conclusion; namely, that it is all contemptible. Passing into the equity of the case, they reason that the sufferer is bearing a penalty. But on further examination its vicarious quality and its redemptive effect is discovered. And this conclusion is reached by a subjective process, not by a categorical divine declaration. The human conscience is touched by what it sees, and makes penitent announcement.

The prophet sits at the very foot of the cross while he paints this fadeless portrait of the sufferer.

Before Isaiah could have uttered words which contain the very heart of the gospel and win for him the title of evangelist among the prophets, some unusual experience must have prepared him.

This vision of God produced the natural effect, a consciousness of sin. The prophet cries: "Woe is me. I am undone, because of my unclean lips." The symbolism of touching the lips with fire is explained in the announcement, "Thine iniquity is taken away."

One act remains. The ineffable voice is heard, calling not now for an angelic messenger, but for a human evangel, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for me?" The prophet, elevated by what he has witnessed, and prepared by that to which he has submitted, exclaims, "Here am I! Send me!"

THE "LITTLE MOTHER" OF THE PRESIDIO.

Mrs. H. Lincoln, a deaconess of the San Francisco National Training School, engaged in work at the general hospital at the Presidio in San Francisco, is the only Methodist Deaconess whose entire work is devoted to soldiers. Her ministrations have been so thoughtful and her cheery friendliness is such that the patients call her "Little Mother."

The following incident that occurred during her labors at the Presidio is one that she loves to linger over. It is the story of McCarty's conversion:

McCarty's Conversion.

"He came into the hospital in October, one of the sickest men, and about the fiercest that I ever saw. He used to put his newspaper over his face and pretend to be asleep when he saw me coming, and the first time I spoke to him he said defiantly: 'I hate people who come up and say, "Are you saved?"'"

As a matter of fact, the deaconess does not open acquaintance with a patient by asking if he is a Christian, but first wins his confidence and love, and the rest follows.

Accordingly she let McCarty alone and waited. One day she overheard him saying to the nurse: "I b'leeve 'f I had some chicken broth like my mother used to make I'd get well."

The deaconess stopped beside his cot and said: "Well, now, Mr. McCarty, I don't see why you shouldn't have that chicken broth. I don't suppose I can make it as your mother did, but I am going to bring you some."

That same evening after the service in the chapel she went down on Market street and selected the nicest, plumpest chicken to be had and converted it into a delicious broth, which, if not equal to what McCarty's mother used to make, must have been very close to it.

"You should have seen his eyes stand out when he saw that bowl of broth, with the nice, tender pieces of chicken in it," said the little deaconess, with a merry laugh at the recollection .

"Look at the chicken!" he said. Then the poor fellow began to cry—he was so weak and ill. "But I ain't a Christian!" he blurted out in a sort of weak protest.

"Well, I haven't asked you," said the deaconess, kindly; "it's the broth we're interested in today. We'll talk about that some other time; now we'll enjoy our soup."

One day McCarty opened the subject himself and told her that he had been brought up a Christian, but had drifted away and become perfectly hardened and reckless.

When he was asked if he did not think it was time to think of turning about, he began to cry.

"I can't pray," he said. "You pray for me." Then McCarty confided to this sympathizing friend that he had had a great deal of trouble with his wife and her relatives and that he had enlisted. But now during his sickness he began to soften. He would be willing to make it up with his wife if it were not for the undesirable "relations."

The deaconess knew that McCarty had $500 saved and she tried to persuade him to send some money to his wife.

"She'd give it all to 'er folks," said McCarty, but he finally agreed to send her $5. Not a cent more. The patients in the hospital give the nurses the names and addresses of their nearest relatives or the ones to whom they desire to leave their personal property in case they die. McCarty at first said his sister was to have all his money and belongings, but after his conversion he changed his mind and decided that his wife should have everything.

The week before McCarty died the deaconess came and sat beside his cot every afternoon, and the day before his death she stayed all day, for he did not want his "little mother" out of his sight.

"Do you know, Little Mother," he said once when he rallied from his dying weakness, "I thought I was dying

last night, and I thought I should never see my Little Mother again."

He would close his eyes and seem asleep, then rouse up again and look to see if she was still there.

Again his eyes closed. When he opened them again he said: "Are you praying for me?"

"Yes, I am praying for you," was the answer, and McCarty was content.

Six o'clock came and the deaconess had to go.

"I shall have to die tonight," McCarty said, "but I shall think of you, and I know I shall meet you in heaven."

The familiar cot was empty when next she came, and for a long time the ward seemed so desolate without McCarty's glorified smile that she could hardly bear to enter it.

Our Boys and Girls

DON'T YOU SEE?

By Katharine Lee Bates.

The day was hotter than words can tell,
So hot the jelly-fish wouldn't jell.
The halibut went all to butter,
And the catfish had only force to utter
A faint sea-mew-ay, though some have doubted,
The carp he carped and the horn-pout pouted.

The sardonic sardine had his sly heart's wish
When the Angel-fish fought with the Paradise-fisn.
'T was a sight gave the Blue-fish the blues to see,
But the seal concealed a wicked glee.

The day it went from bad to worse,
Till the Pickerel picked the purse-crab's purse.

And that crab felt crabbeder yet, no doubt,
Because the oyster wouldn't shell out.
The sculpin would sculp, but hadn't a model,
And the cod-fish begged for something to coddle.

But to both the Dolphin refused its doll,
Till the whale was obliged to whale them all.

—The Churchman.

ONE BAD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

By Hideya Kozu.

A crab, out walking one day, picked up a fine persimmon.

On returning to her house, she planted the stone and soon a flourishing tree, bearing luscious fruit resulted to rejoice her heart.

But as the crab was unable to pick the fruit when it became ripe, she arranged with an ape to climb the tree and pick the persimmons on shares.

Accordingly the ape climbed the tree, picked the fruit and ate his fill, but sent down not a single persimmon to the waiting crab.

Sore in spirit, the crab cried with a loud voice demanding that the ape throw down to her a nice ripe persimmon according to agreement.

The ape heard her voice but wickedly planned to vex still more this innocent crab by picking an unripe persimmon, as solid as a stone, which he threw down on the back of the crab.

The crab was hurted very severely and fell on the ground in her great pain. Thereupon the ape with his hands full of fruit, climbed down the tree and went back to his house laughing at her pain.

When the crab scarcely got into her room and took to her bed, she was visited by a big wasp who heard of the matter, and, pitying her pain, offered to revenge against the wicked ape.

So the wasp assembled all of his mates, to whom he told all of the crab's pain, and persuaded all of them to help in the revenging.

Next day an "usu" * and an egg came to the wasp and told that they had the same mind to revenge against the ape and that they would lend their hand to him.

At this, many wasps and the egg and the "usu" took their way to the ape's residence. When they reached at the ape's house they found that the ape was not there, so they took their position within for their act of revenge.

The wasps assembled in the corner of the ape's room and the egg hid himself into the hearth in which the ape used to come, and the "usu" hanged on the ceiling of the entrance place, all waiting for the ape's return.

Presently the ape came home to the house and approached the hearth as he usually did.

Suddenly the egg burst, which scared the ape and he got a bad burn on his hands.

Next, all the wasps flew out at him and stung his face.

When the ape was going to escape from this unexpected attack, the "usu" fell down on his body and crushed the ape by its great weight.

And thus they succeeded to revenge on the ape for the poor crab.

*A large wooden or stone Japanese mortar for pounding rice.—The New Voice.

LITTLE JIM.

He was coming down the street, a dainty little figure, in blue kilts, with his golden curls flying in the breeze, and the sunshine playing hide-and-seek in the glittering, silken masses. Under a stately old oak, that stood on the corner and threw its long shadows across the road, lounged a group of idle men, whose conversation was of the kind usually heard among that class of loafers. But when one of the crowd said, "Here comes little Jim," the oath and vulgar jest died on the lips ere it poisoned the pure air. These men were rough and thoughtless, yet, when Jim appeared, all unseemly talk was hushed at once. There are few men, we think, who will not bridle their tongues in the presence of a little child.

Little Jim was quite a figure in the small village where he lived, for there were few who did not know and love him. He would say that he loved everybody in the whole world, and his little heart seemed full to bursting with love to all those with whom he came in contact.

People used to talk to him for the sake of hearing him tell of heaven and Bessie, his baby sister, who had died, and, as Jim expressed it, "had gone to live in Jesus' house."

As he came down the street, his hands in his pockets, and his rosy mouth screwed up in a whistle, one of the loungers under the tree called to him:

"Hello, Jim! Where are you off to?"

"Oh, I've just come out for a walk," said Jim.

"Come over here and talk to us, we haven't seen you for an age. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"I've been minding baby; she's been sick, and I'm the only help mamma's got since Bessie's gone away."

"Don't you wish Bessie hadn't gone away, Jim; you haven't anybody to play with now?" said one of the men in a softened voice.

"O yes, but Bessie has gone to live with Jesus, and that's a hundred times better than staying here. My! she'll have such a lovely time, playing with the other little angels. Then, too, Jesus knows best, don't he?"

"I guess he does, Jim," and the men had a suspicious moisture in their eyes that they pretended was due to the dust. And Jim trudged down the street again.

"Jesus knows best." That was little Jim's watchward.

A sublime creed, that would be well for grown-ups to hear; what grand characters might be built on those simple words, characters with patience to endure, and courage to sustain the trials and difficulties of life.—New York Times.

Tired mother (to restless child): "Now, you sit still! I've druv you ten miles to enjoy this entertainment, and you shall enjoy it, if I have to pull every hair out of your head!"

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